

MISS VAN WYCK'S SLAYER TRIED TO KILL RIVAL, TOO

"Now I've Got You Both,"
Childs Cried Before He
Shot Quogue
Belle.

FRIENDS SAW TRAGEDY.

Paul de Angular Sure Millionaire's Son Intended Bullets for Him.

William A. Childs Jr., the young Princeton student who shot and killed Miss Catherine Ladd Van Wyck within eight of her father's summer villa at Quogue, L. I., yesterday and then killed himself, planned a double murder, according to a statement made today by Paul de Angular, a boy of eighteen and son of one of the wealthy summer colonists of Quogue.

"I knew from the way he shot and the way he spoke that he meant to kill his wife," said the boy, "though he had no real reason for selecting me as his rival any more than a dozen more of his friends. He just got it into his head that I had cut him out and made up his mind to kill me."

"We had all been to the ball game at the Country Club and I asked Miss Van Wyck for permission to escort her home. Then Childs stepped up and asked if he could come along. Miss Van Wyck said, 'Why certainly.' Nothing was said on the way out of the dining room. We all three discussed the ball game and other little matters of no importance."

"NOW I'VE GOT YOU BOTH," CHILD'S EXCLAIMED.

"All the while, though, I noticed that Childs was scowling. Just as we were about 150 feet from Miss Van Wyck's home I noticed that he was looking angrily at us both. Then he suddenly stepped back. In a flash he drew the revolver and shouted:

"Now, I've got you both."

Two bullets passed within an inch of my teeth. I saw Miss Van Wyck stagger and caught her in my arms. She didn't utter a sound. Childs fired a third shot at us and then broke for the cornfield nearby."

Young de Angular said that he had been told by friends that Childs had met Miss Van Wyck on the bathing beach earlier in the day and had told her he had packed his trunk and was going to leave the place. He said, after this announcement:

"I want a final answer from you."

Miss Van Wyck laughed at him and said, "Rubbish!" Then, still laughing, she joined a group of friends. As Childs turned away, said Paul de Angular, he was overheard to mutter: "I'll get you yet, you scoundrel!"

Miss Van Wyck did not see him again until he came out of the Country Club after the ball game.

GIRL WENT TO EUROPE TO GET AWAY FROM HIM.

The Princeton boy's infatuation dated back two years. He had annoyed Miss Van Wyck so much with his attentions that last summer she went to Europe to avoid him.

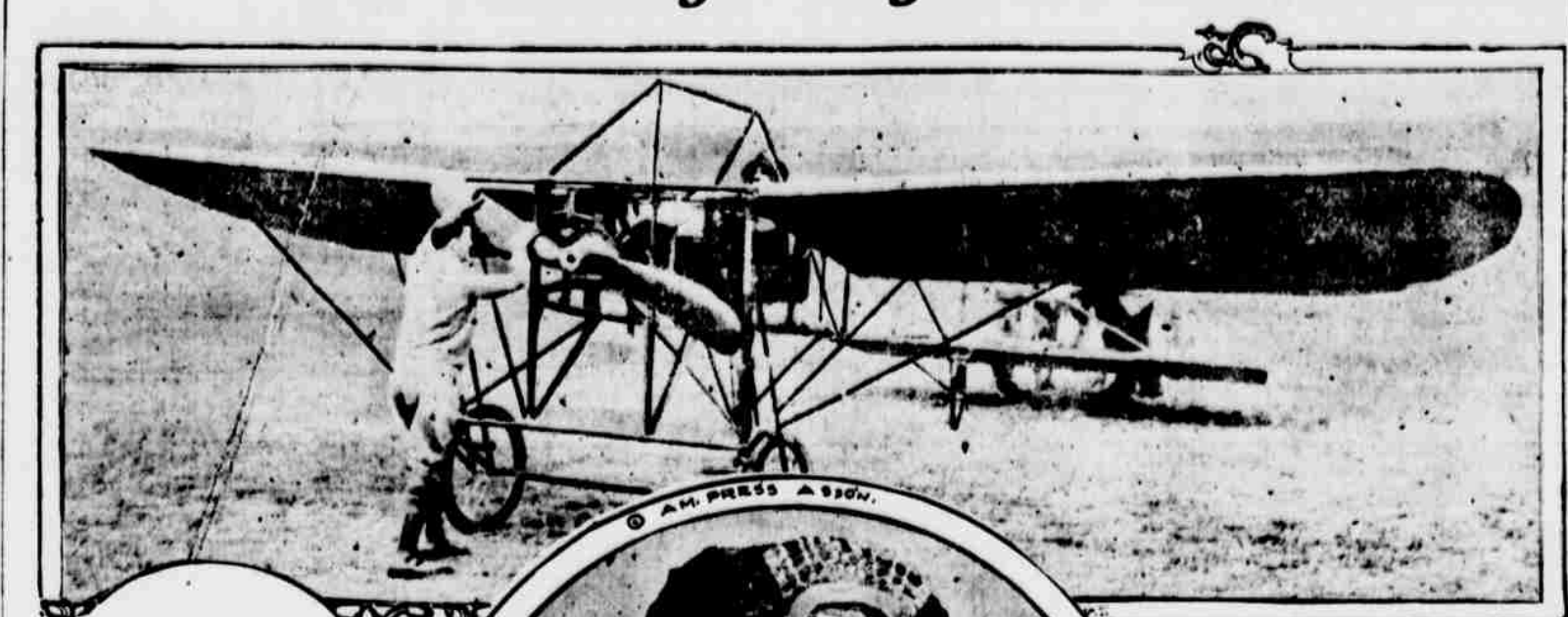
quest at Quogue, L. I., today, Dr. G. R. Gilliam, No. 31 West Fifth street, Manhattan, an uncle of the slain girl, gave out a statement in which he said that unrequited love was responsible for the double tragedy.

"The murder of my niece," said the physician, "was simply a case of unrequited love resulting disastrously. Childs wanted the girl to marry him and she refused him. He was only too ready to go to the point of committing the insane act of yesterday. As her uncle I have known all about her friendship for this young man, and have taken an interest in it as a member of the family. On account of this terrible occurrence I think it only fair to all who are concerned to make facts plain which are generally kept private."

The inquest at Quogue today was conducted along perfunctory lines by Coroner Peterson. The coroner concluded that the facts stood for themselves and that no further inquiry was necessary.

No member of either family gave testimony at the inquest. Coroner Peterson granted permits for the removal of Miss Van Wyck's body to the summer villa of her father, Albert Van Wyck, a prominent and wealthy resident of No. 107 Joralemon street, Brooklyn.

Harriet Quimby and Her Monoplane Ready For Moonlight Flight on Staten Island



The slayer's body will be shipped to Riverside, Col., for interment.
GIRL VICTIM OF TRAGEDY HAD MANY ADMIRERS.

The father of the young man, William O. Childs, will arrive in Quogue this afternoon to take charge of the body.

The murder and suicide came as a climax to the much-talked-of rivalry of several young men who had been pressing their attentions upon the attractive nineteen-year-old girl all summer. She was both comely and talented and in whatever form of amusement or gaiety she took part was the center of a throng of admirers. She was a brunette of fine figure, with large brown eyes and an animated smile. Her father was formerly connected with the Standard Oil Company, and is said to be a millionaire.

After the shooting Miss Van Wyck was carried into her home and Dr. J. G. Craig summoned. He said the first bullet had severed a large artery near the heart and that death was a matter of a few minutes. Fifteen minutes later Miss Van Wyck was dead.

Childs was carried to the Quogue House, not far away, and Drs. McDevitt, Joy and Fairburn were summoned. They said Childs' wound was fatal, and he also died without regaining consciousness, not long after Miss Van Wyck had been away.

FAMILY IS PROSTRATED BY GIRL'S DEATH.

Members of Miss Van Wyck's family are completely prostrated over her violent death and none of them will discuss it. Her mother was just coming out onto the porch as the shooting happened, but did not know her daughter was the victim until the girl's limp body was carried up to the house.

Childs was a son of William A. Childs, formerly of Englewood, N. J., an inventor, who was prominent in the development of the telephone. The family lived until recently on Woodland street, near Helicon Hall, where Upton Sinclair has had his colony, when they sold their home and moved away. Mr. Childs was at one time a member of Englewood Common Council, and was one of the founders of the Christian Science church in Englewood. He owns a large fruit farm in California, and it was reported at the time he sold his Englewood home that the family would live in California in the future. He and his wife were visiting friends at Lake George, N. Y., when they were shot.

Former Justice Van Wyck, who is spending the summer at the Beechwood Hotel, Summit, N. J., when informed of the shooting, said:

"This is terrible. Catherine was a fine girl, and I can't tell you how badly I feel over her death. The deed is too horrible for me to say more."

TAXI SMASHES INTO HEARSE AND UPSETS FUNERAL COACH.

One of the Three Women Occupants Seriously Injured—Chauffeur's Steering Gear Slipped.

Nathan Eller, fifty years old, of No. 123 Parker street, Westchester, driving a taxicab which he owns and operates, ploughed through a funeral cortege at One Hundred and First street and First avenue today, smashing the hearse, wrecking one of the coaches and injuring three women.

The hearse, half almost passed Eller when his taxicab buck-jumped across the road and struck the funeral vehicle in the rear. The taxicab skidded from the hearse into the nearest coach, driven by Charles Kalorak of No. 310 East Seventy-third street. The coach was wrecked and the driver, a woman, was thrown out. Nora Calmiva, forty years old, of No. 101 Park avenue, was the most seriously injured of the three. She was driven in another coach to Mount Sinai Hospital. The other two women left the scene without striking their names.

The funeral procession had gone on its way when a policeman arrived and arrested Eller on a charge of reckless driving. His taxicab was badly smashed. He said he wasn't to blame, as his steering gear had slipped.

LABORERS HURLED IN AIR AS CROWBAR HITS DYNAMITE.

Explosive Left in Kingsbridge Road Sewer Trench Hurts Two Men Badly.

Laborers working in a sewer ditch along the Kingsbridge Road today saw two of their fellow workmen suddenly hurled twenty-five feet in the air. A shower of rocks and earth followed, with a roar. Opposite No. 313 Kingsbridge Road the workmen found Philip Staniulis, forty-eight years of age, of No. 212 East One Hundred and Eighty-third street, and Thomas Manoli, thirty-three years of age, of No. 313 West Sixty-ninth street, lying in the roadway, badly hurt.

Staniulis had been a crowbar into a hole to pry loose a section of earth and stone. The tool struck a charge of dynamite that had been left in the ground when the gang quit on Saturday afternoon. The dynamite exploded. Dr. Donahue was called from Fordham Hospital. He found both men dangerously hurt and took them to the hospital.



Shall Husbands Be Fed Upon Canned Goods or on Canned Sentiment?

Nixola Greeley-Smith Combats the View of a Boston Scientist and Makes a Plea for Economic Independence.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

There are social philosophers who believe that the question of wages has a great deal to do with married unhappiness. They have the idea that it is becoming harder and harder for one man to support himself, a wife and several children on the market value of his toil.

So as the prejudices of the man and woman concur in regarding it as impossible that the wife should pursue a gainful occupation, they meet their social difficulty by eliminating the children. That is one solution—about the worst that could be devised since the woman remains what she terms a "lady" at the expense of not becoming a mother. She is neither productive nor reproductive, but she remains eligible for the "Social Register."

The ever increasing cost of living is also considered a factor in the marriages that go to pieces. The standard of dressing among women gets higher every year. The woman who wore a \$10 hat ten years ago pays \$20 or \$25 for her millinery today. She thinks it necessary to wear silk stockings, and she says to her neighbor who shows her the pretty petticoat for \$2 she has just bought: "Oh, do you wear domestic underwear?" I can't stand the thought of anything but French hand embroidery.

Rent is higher. Food is higher. Clothes are higher. Wives are higher. And men's wages are by comparison stationary. So when a man marries today he will take all the force of his brain and hands and nerves to maintain his wife in such a manner that she will not envy any other idle wife of her domestic problems.

CANNED GOODS VS. CANNED IDEAS AND SENTIMENT.
Now, as a matter of fact, the tendency of some housewives to rely too much upon the grocery and the delicatessen store may be one of the problems of married happiness in a limited number of households. But canned goods do not contribute half as much to the trouble as the majority of American housewives as canned ideas and canned sentiment.

Also, the "canned" husband has a great deal to do with the situation. A French chef might as well undertake to interest John D. Rockefeller or any other man without a stomach in the products of his skill, as a sweet and charming woman to hold the permanent interest of a seasoned bachelor.

It may be true that the American woman does not make so successful a poor man's wife as the French woman, for instance, in as far as the preparation of food and the saving of money are concerned. But the poor Frenchman is far more apt to stay poor, while the poor American rises under the leveling influence of his wife's ambition to power and a financial competence.

A great deal of energy, physical and mental, goes to waste every year in the United States, because of the canned idea on the part of the women that they must not earn a living and the "canned" sentiment among men that it is better for two persons to starve and bicker on the man's salary than to live comfortably and happily on what both can earn. The real cause of married misery is the economic dependence, consequently the subjection—real and inevitable, however sugar-coated—of the wife.

Wife Falls Off Barge and Drowns.
Anders Olsen, mate on Barge No. 4 of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, moored at the foot of East Third street, accidentally slipped overboard and was drowned late last night.

GIRL'S AIRSHIP FLIGHT AT NIGHT ENDS S. I. FAIR

15,000 Persons See Miss Quimby Circle the Park by Moonlight.

Harriet Quimby closed the Staten Island fair at Dongan Hills yesterday when she made a seven-minute flight by moonlight in her monoplane and incidentally took home with her \$1,000 in cash, her fee for doing it. Fifteen thousand persons waited until the moon came up to witness the flight. When Miss Quimby had completed four circles of the park she made a graceful descent, shook hands with William S. Van Cleaf, president of the Fair Board, and received the money, the second fee she has earned for flying in a heavier-than-air machine.

Miss Quimby appeared on the field with her mother, Miss Mathilda Moisant and a few other friends in the touring car of her hostess, Mrs. C. Henry Fongate of Quimby, Ill. When the announcer approached Miss Quimby's car, with the statement that they were ready for her, she removed the outer of two coats and displayed herself in a jaunty plum colored aviation suit. It comprised blouse, bloomers and puttees. "Don't stay up too long, Harriett," admonished her excited little mother, she herself being delightfully cool, "and if it's cold come right down, as you had best not risk a chill."

"By-by, mother," she laughed back as she watched a battery of automobiles clear a space for her machine. She took personal charge of the preparations for her flight and several times had to request the crowd to give her elbow room. She sent her machine straight ahead at the start and then circled around the park, coming up close to the judges' stand, where she waved a handkerchief to her mother and friends.

MACHINE HITS HUT AND REBOUNDS TEN FEET.

Her landing made difficult because of the crowd. As the machine struck the earth it hit a hut and bounced ten feet into the air. When it came to a standstill the propeller blades were within a few feet of the fence, still revolving.

"If that girl doesn't come down I'll go up after her," declared her mother, after she had been up about five minutes.

"Don't worry, she's having a bully time," replied Miss Moisant. "Oh, she's coming down," said Mrs. Quimby, almost in the same breath with Miss Moisant. "No, she's not; she is only clearing a space for herself."

It was true. Miss Quimby several times swept within a few feet of the ground, each time scattering the crowd, much as chickens scatter under the sweep of a hawk.

Besides Lee Hammond, who climbed the park several times in his "Red Devil" biplane, there were five parachute-jump balloon ascension. Capt. Baldwin was a witness to these jumps, but declared when he saw the leaps, one parachute after another, that it was not the way he used to do it when he was in his prime and that he preferred a flying machine as a better way to court death. All day ferriesboats and trains were crowded with throngs waiting their way to the fair grounds, with the result that the attendance of more than 20,000, according to President Van Cleaf, more than made up for the losses sustained on the previous days. The crowd was attracted by the flying events.

Ill Health Led to Suicide.

Louis Moss, forty years old, a traveling salesman for a dry-goods house, committed suicide today by inhaling gas in his room at No. 208 West Seventy-eighth street. He had been despondent over ill health.

AMERICAN BRIDE OF TURK SAILS ON HONEYMOON

Millionaire Kalman's Daughter
and Diplomat Husband Off
to German Post.

MANY TITLES ON SHIP.

Yankee Baroness Who Won
Swimming Prize at Rye
Among Them.

The most interesting passengers departing on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. of the North German Lloyd line for Bremen to-day were Dr. Richard Edward Rhaque, Secretary of the Turkish Embassy at Berlin, and his bride, who was Miss Josephine Kalman, the daughter of Arnold Kalman, a millionaire, of St. Paul, Minn. The Turkish diplomat married Miss Kalman in St. Paul Aug. 22 and the wedding was an event of great social importance. One of the bridesmaids was Katherine Hereford, a daughter of Lord Admiral Hereford of the British navy.

Mrs. Rhaque is a typical daughter of the Northwest, fair and vivacious. The contrast between her and her Turkish husband, who wears a monocle and converses fluently in English and German, was striking. Mrs. Rhaque met her husband abroad and he traveled to St. Paul to marry her.

The Baron Otto Stockhausen and the Baron Edwin Camp, of Germany, sailed for home to perfect arrangements for a stay of two years in British Columbia. They expect to clean up \$100,000 apiece in a lumber project. Both barons expressed surprise that Americans are not more heavily interested in Canadian lumber.

They went to British Columbia this summer and put in \$200,000 with a Mr. Von Albersleben, who has made, they assert, \$2,000,000 in five years. They expect to profit \$200,000 from their \$200,000 and live happily in Germany ever after. The Baron Camp is a grandson of Mrs. Sarah E. Higelow, who owned at one time many pieces of property on State street, the principal business thoroughfare of Chicago.

Countess Hugo Lerchenfeld and her five-year-old son, Count Johannes Lerchenfeld, sailed on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. to their home in Munich, after spending the summer with the Countess's father, J. E. Wyman of Rye, N. Y. The Countess displayed a beautiful gold medal she won in a fancy diving and swimming contest at Rye yesterday. She complained, also, of an earache contracted in the diving and swimming match.

As an expert swimmer and diver the Countess dismounted at some length on the recent swimming feats of young women in the waters around New York. She does not agree with the theory that women, as swimmers, have the endurance of men.

"Women," she said, "can remain afloat longer than men under ordinary conditions, because of their physical formation. They are less susceptible to cold than men, because they are more profitably covered with fat. But, in swimming feats requiring great strength and endurance, women are not the equal of men in the water and never will be."

**SIX TAKEN FROM SHIP
WRECKED IN HURRICANE.**

Their Schooner Kept Afloat Till
Rescue by Cargo
of Pine.

The story of the hurricane that strayed the Georgia and South Carolina coast with wrecks a week ago was told again today when the crew of the American schooner James Davidson arrived from Havana. Six in number, they were rescued from their sinking ship Aug. 28 by the tank steamer Northwestern, and taken to Havana. The American Consul sent them home aboard the steamer Saratoga.

The Davidson sailed from Charleston Aug. 25, bound for Norwalk, Conn., with a cargo of hard pine. The hurricane struck her Sunday morning, Aug. 27, and in twenty-four hours swept her decks clean and filled her hold with water. When the Northwestern came along only the schooner's buoyant cargo kept her afloat.

The first boat lowered from the steamer stove and filled before it could be manned. A second boat succeeded in taking Capt. Charles Gilmore and his five men off the schooner.

Pull Downstairs Kills Her.
Mrs. Catherine Bachman, sixty-five years old of No. 749 Columbus avenue, died last night in the hallway of No. 75 Columbus avenue from fracture of the skull, received when she fell down a flight of stairs. She had entered the building by mistake. Mrs. Pankle Shepley, the janitress, heard the woman fall and called Patrolman Fleck of the West One Hundredth street station. The body was removed to the Bachman home.

BROOKLYN GIRL CHARGED WITH STEALING \$2,500

Accused by Her Employers Five
Months Ago, She Disap-
pears Without Defence.

FOUND IN DANCE HALL.

Held in \$3,000 Bail, Man With
Her Promises to Se-
cure Bond.

Anna Evelyn Johnson, tall, pretty and only nineteen years of age, was held by Magistrate Harris in the Adams Street Court, Brooklyn, to-day, under a bond of \$3,000 for examination on Thursday upon a charge of embezzlement. The real estate firm of Alexander Forman & Sons of No. 139 Montague street charges that the girl, while employed as a clerk, systematically appropriated the instant payments made by purchasers of real estate until she got \$2,500.

Up to five months ago the girl lived with her father and four sisters at No. 35 Palmetto street. Then when the firm by which she had been employed disappeared her shortage and sent her to explain she disappeared.

In business circles of Brooklyn the girl had been known as modest and retiring. Her manner was so reserved that her employers told her that she should cultivate a smile and make the patrons of the firm feel more at ease. Last night, when Detective Duane and McDonough found her, she was dancing in a dance hall at Rockaway avenue and Fulton street with Joseph Ganske, son of a manufacturer of artificial limbs and musical instruments of No. 560 Broadway, Brooklyn.

Ganske, who is married and who has two children, was much interested in the young woman.

DETECTIVE WARNED TO DO NOTHING RASH.

"I am going to arrest your young lady friend on the charge of embezzlement," said McDonough to Ganske.

"I wouldn't do anything rash, officer," replied Ganske.

"I am not going to do anything rash, because here is the warrant," said the detective.

Ganske turned to his dancing partner, who was on the verge of collapse. He told her not to worry that he would ar-

range a bond for her. To-day he was present in court when the girl was taken before Magistrate Harris.

Miss Johnson was a very striking figure as she appeared before the bar. Her eyes of light blue were well set and stylish. Her large black hair had a waving plume. Her silk stockings and dainty shoes seemed woefully out of place among the other prisoners.

Mr. Forman appeared for his firm. He said that on Jan. 23 Giovanni Albano came to their office and paid \$75 on three lots he was buying. Miss Johnson took the money, signed his name to the pass book that is given as a receipt and did not turn it over to the firm. By such means, he said, she had taken about \$2,500 from the firm. He added that the girl had been in his employ for two years and was regarded as a model employee.

DOESN'T WANT HER ESCORT BROUGHT INTO CASE.

The girl, weeping, seemed chiefly interested in the case of her escort. The police had been instructed to search for a girl who had a mole on her cheek and who was likely to be found with Ganske.

"I don't see why they want to drag Mr. Ganske into this," she said. "He has only been kind to me in trouble and I have had a lot of trouble. I don't know what became of that money, except that I lost \$300 that I had in a roll when I went to lunch one day, and another time I lost \$20."

"I had a girl chum who used to come to wait for me to go home. When I went to wash my face she would go through my mesh bag. Once I marked a \$20 bill and left it in the bag and then I found it in her stocking."

Miss Johnson said that she had procured employment in Manhattan after leaving the Brooklyn place. The police claim to have information that she was seen in New Jersey and in Connecticut with a man.

Olympic Will Dock To-Night.
SIACONSETT, Mass., Sept. 5.—The steamer Olympic, Southampton, Cherbourg and Queenstown for New York, was reported by wireless telegraph 60 miles east of Sandy Hook to-night. She will reach her dock about 3:30 P. M. Tuesday.

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